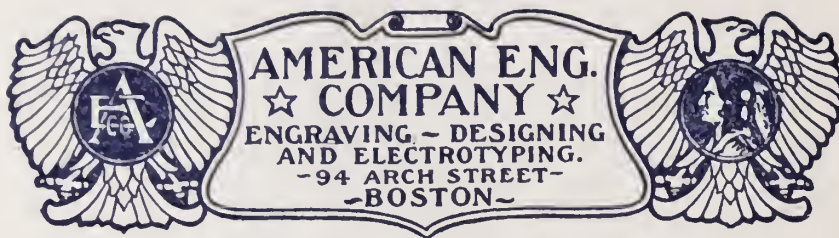


# LAING SCHOOL REGISTER






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# Latin School Register

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JANUARY, 1921

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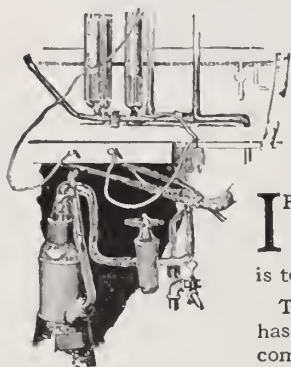
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Published by the STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL  
Warren Ave., Boston

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## What Is Vacuum?

**I**F THE traffic policeman did not hold up his hand and control the automobiles and wagons and people there would be collisions, confusion, and but little progress in any direction. His business is to *direct*.

The physicist who tries to obtain a vacuum that is nearly perfect has a problem somewhat like that of the traffic policeman. Air is composed of molecules—billions and billions of them flying about in all directions and often colliding. The physicist's pump is designed to make the molecules travel in one direction—out through the exhaust. The molecules are much too small to be seen even with a microscope, but the pump jogs them along and at least starts them in the right direction.

A perfect vacuum would be one in which there is not a single free molecule.

For over forty years scientists have been trying to pump and jog and herd more molecules out of vessels. There are still in the best vacuum obtainable more molecules per cubic centimeter than there are people in the world, in other words, about two billion. Whenever a new jogging device is invented, it becomes possible to eject a few million more molecules.

The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have spent years in trying to drive more and more molecules of air from containers. The chief purpose has been to study the effects obtained, as, for example, the boiling away of metals in a vacuum.

This investigation of high vacua had unexpected results. It became possible to make better X-ray tubes—better because the X-rays could be controlled; to make the electron tubes now so essential in long-range wireless communication more efficient and trustworthy; and to develop an entirely new type of incandescent lamp, one which is filled with a gas and which gives more light than any of the older lamps.

No one can foretell what will be the outcome of research in pure science. New knowledge, new ideas inevitably are gained. And sooner or later this new knowledge, these new ideas find a practical application. For this reason the primary purpose of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company is the broadening of human knowledge.

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# Latin School Register

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JANUARY, 1921

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## Rupert

BY JAMES A. S. CALLANAN

Dr. Dobson shaded the sconce which he held in his left hand. He was standing at the foot of Rupert's bed. As the flickering candle cast a ghostly appearance over the wrinkled face of the surgeon, one could have easily discerned that the doctor meant business. The figure in the bed, though snoring violently and apparently fast asleep, also knew that his father meant business, for was not an occasion like this an every-day event in Rupert Dobson's life?

Rupert was a real boy, not a mere goody-goody, as his name perhaps suggests. He was not responsible for his being called Rupert. That was his old-maid Aunt Martha's fault. She had insisted on the name Rupert, when that individual first "cast his lamps"—as he himself would say—on this mortal coil, because he looked very much like Prince Rupert, the leading figure in a large painting hanging over the silver-covered side-board in the Dobson dining-room. At the time of his baptism, however, Rupert wore no beard whatsoever. And how he used to hate his high-sounding, unnicknameable given name, the round white buster-brown collar and the long, glossy curls which good Aunt Martha so admired! I dare say he hated the collar and curls even more than the name which he manfully tried to live down and eventually forgive her. She was one of those creatures

to whom Stevenson referred when he said that "some of the merriest and most genuine of women are old maids, and those old maids have often most of the true mother touch." Rupert's mother had died when his little sister Milly was but an infant and Aunt Martha had admirably taken the place of a faithful mother.

The days of Rupert's velvet Fauntleroy suits and glossy curls soon vanished and he—at least in his own and Milly's estimation—had become a man. Indeed, he felt very much a man tonight when he bribed his little sister to smuggle up some supper from the kitchen and also to be seized with a sudden pain in her stomach, when their father began to punish him.

Milly had gone to sleep and had failed him. She was not worrying about her unfortunate brother Rupert's ill fate, while the latter continued to snore, knowing perfectly well that his father knew he was awake. He felt chills playing tag up and down his spinal column when, between his eyelids, he saw his father put the sconce on a table on which were placed a few books. Rupert's heart sank altogether when his father took in his hand the uppermost book, Shakespeare's Othello, the gold letters "t" and "o" skillfully scratched from the morocco cover.

The vision of his father's whip,

raised high in the air, caused the sight to leave Rupert's half-opened eyes. He prayed that Milly would cry out with that pain in her appendix before the stinging whip would touch him; but Milly failed him, and while she slept the sleep of innocence, Rupert did feel the spicy whip. Jumping out of bed with a scream, he stood opposite his father. Milly echoed his cry in the adjoining room as Rupert was about to suggest to his father that he would like to don a few of his clothes. The doctor left his son's room to administer to his ten-year old daughter.

Rupert returned to bed when he heard his father's step dying on the staircase, while Milly vowed that brother Rupert would have to forfeit a quarter more or she would betray him.

The following day, breakfast passed in silence between the doctor and his son Rupert in spite of Aunt Martha's efforts to converse and Milly's incessant chatter. Lunch was proceeding in much the same way when the telephone rang. Dr. Dobson answered it to learn that Rupert was up to more mischief. Miss Hamilton, Rupert's teacher, informed him that that morning while she was vainly trying to instil some arithmetic into his son's head, he dipped a golden curl of the girl who sat in front of him into his inkwell.

As his father returned to the table Rupert began to move his chair, ready to spring from the table if necessary. His father addressed him in a stern voice: "Your sister will return your books. I will go through your wardrobe this afternoon and tomorrow you will go to a boarding-school in Rosemont where I have already arranged for you."

To a boy like Rupert Dobson, who was well versed in all sorts of mischief, the tricks of the boarding-school boys were nothing new. It must be admitted that he was primarily somewhat puzzled

at their allusions to Stonewall Jackson (hash) and the weekly serving of whistle-berries (baked beans), but it was not long before he became accustomed to eat goulash, a dish, so it seemed, for which the chef must have had great affection for it frequently appeared on the table. It is true that Rupert fell for the trick played on him his first night in Rosemont. His future comrades, knowing him to be "green," advised him to put his shoes outside of his room to find them all shined in the morning. When they saw that Rupert enjoyed the affair as well as they, they knew him to be a real boy. The joke of the shoes was almost invariably played on a newcomer to the school. When the first to emerge from his room in the morning saw the shoes outside Rupert's door, he kicked them along the corridor and the next to discover them kicked them down the stairs, so that Rupert, in his bare feet, running through the academy in search of his shoes, somewhat resembled Hecuba, in her grief wandering about Priam's palace.

All Rupert ever had to do to get a large box of good things from home was to write Aunt Martha about his terrible loneliness and she, unsuspectingly, would immediately prepare such a carton and express it to Rosemont. Little Milly once remarked that as soon as Rupert received a box of eatables, his loneliness always vanished.

. Whenever anything was wrong or any mischief had been done, the first one the masters suspected as culprit was Rupert Dobson. The electric lights in the academy were switched off at ten-thirty every night. After that, the boys burned candles in their rooms before they went to bed. One night when Rupert and his companions were devouring the contents of one of Aunt Martha's boxes, sitting on the floor clad in their pajamas, someone suggested

going down stairs to the kitchen to get some ginger-ale from the ice-chest. Any such perilous deed was always wished on Rupert and so Rupert had to go on the mission. Having emerged from the banquet-hall, he glided along the corridor until he reached the head of the stairs down which he was obliged to descend three flights before reaching the basement. After some minutes he discovered the kitchen, through the windows of which the moonlight was streaming.

Let us leave Rupert searching through the ice-chest and consider the remote causes of the later trouble into which he was now leading himself. In the wing of the academy opposite that of the boys, the masters had their rooms. One of the masters, who had been reading during the evening, was raising the shade of his window before retiring, when he noticed the light from the candles in Rupert's room. Pussyfoot—so the boys had christened him—conscientiously considered it his duty to investigate. To reach Rupert's room, it was necessary to come down to the first floor, walk to the stairway at the other end of the building, and ascend. Pussyfoot immediately proceeded to do this. When he reached the first floor, he heard someone descending the stairs leading to the basement. He followed the sound caused by this someone, who was Rupert, and going through the refectory, entered the kitchen just as Rupert was leaving the ice-chest.

On the following day, all his masters gathered to discuss the punishment which should be inflicted on him. Three of them urged expulsion, while the remaining three voted merely suspension. The matter was to be reconsidered and the victim was temporarily suspended from his classes. While things were proceeding thus, an event occurred which gave the inner voice of Rupert a chance

to speak. On the second day of his captivity,—for he was practically imprisoned in his room—he was contemplating the dire cruelty of his father which would meet him if he were expelled when he imagined he smelt smoke. He opened his door and, seeing smoke coming from the infirmary, he rushed down the corridor but found the door from which the smoke was issuing, locked. Realizing its only sick occupant, a boy named Rogers, must be saved from the fire, he returned to his own room, opened his window and hastened along the fire-escape till he reached the infirmary which he entered by way of the window. The room was filled with smoke and Rupert had all he could do to find the bed on which his friend lay unconscious. Raising him in his arms, he gained the door which opened easily from the inside and closing it behind him, he hastened down the stairs still carrying his unconscious school chum. When he had disposed of his burden to the kind and maternal old matron, the fire alarm was immediately given. The cause of the fire was accredited to an over-heated furnace.

The masters assembled again in the dean's office the afternoon before the fire, and expulsion was decided to be Rupert's punishment, not only for being detected helping himself to ginger-ale and other delectable things, but for having a mischievous influence over his fellows. A letter was immediately sent to Dr. Dobson and Rupert was to be formally expelled before the whole school.

Fate intervened under cloak of fire, in behalf of Rupert, whose heroism and cool-headedness gained for him the admiration of the masters and that of the boys, which he already possessed.

At dinner, the dean commended Rupert before the whole school for his exemplary bravery, and announced that as a reward for his services, he would be

permitted to remain in the school. Word was immediately sent to the post-office to retain from delivery the letter addressed to Dr. Dobson.

Thus, Rupert was saved the terrible punishment he would receive from his father. When Aunt Martha heard of her Rupert's heroic deed, she packed up

another box and sent it to him. Though she sent no ginger-ale, Rupert did not care to seek any in the academy kitchen.

Diverting as this story is, it is also highly instructive and it has been written to make the reader, boy or man, better and manlier.



## The Wanderer, Father Time

*BY L. B. ANDREWS, '21*

Sometimes on a wintry evening,  
When the wind is sharp and cold,  
I think of the desolate wanderer,  
Shaken, downcast and old.

I think of the warmth of my fireside,  
Of the kettle and purring cat,  
And the cheer and joy of a family;  
And I wish I could share all of that.

For the drear and snowy weather  
Sends a chill to the warmth of my  
heart.  
And I cuddle up close to the fireside  
And I think of the man in the dark.

But when the cold of winter  
And the dreary, dread snow is gone,  
Then I open the door to the springtime  
And the wanderer comes into his own.



## A Railroad Yarn

BY POWELL H. HUMPHRIES

Harry was a young hopeful, extremely young and hopeful, as he tried his first job. The little dear, just from his mother's apron strings, had been sent out as extra station agent at Crooked Run. It seems that he had always been unlucky; so to add to his jinx, he was to hold down this job, for we'll see how long. A word of explanation: Crooked Run was, as you may surmise from its name, a small metropolis located on a crooked and winding stream in the heart of our great, dreary, prairie region.

"Hick" reached this destination about 8 a. m. a hot day in July. He walked, rather ran to the station, seeing several bright boys eyeing him quite closely, eyes brimming over with mischief and expectation. Upon arriving at the station, he was greeted with a volley of oaths by the genial old agent whom he had wakened from his after breakfast snooze. Station agent meant quite a few things in those olden days; telegraph operator, ticket agent, freight agent, and leverman. Harry proceeded in a very business-like way to take the chair, pick up the telephone, and clear his throat. This he considered very necessary in order to create a favorable impression upon the older employe. To his unbounded mortification, he soon discovered that the receiver was on backwards, whereupon he hastened to explain that this was different from any he had seen, tho of course he had had wide experience as railroad man. Soon he was left alone. He now felt it necessary to remove his vest as buttons had been flying off right and left. By no means do I insinuate that our hero was swell-headed. He was not. He was

just a plain and simple, but widely experienced railroad man. He was swell-chested instead.

His next task was to find a boarding house. This he found on an old farm about two miles distant from his little ticket window. In view of the fact that he was pretty fair to look upon in spite of his bashfulness and unsophisticated mien, he soon became a special favorite with the belles and debuntantes of the little burg. He was invited to this party and the special guest at that swell affair and so it went. Fortunately enough for him, there were few small brothers to make peace with. The older ones attended to him with wonderful ease and skill. His sojourn here appeared to be lined with clover and velvet. There was a gang, though, and what a gang it was. They assumed a very condescending air towards the new operator. They felt older, knew more, and were more experienced in life and ways according to their own narrow opinions. All were about fourteen. Quite a mob of them too. Of course Harry liked them all,—so he told them,—whereupon they all winked at one another. Let it be said here that Harry treated them to a stick of gum or two each week, a small treat but nevertheless enjoyable to hearty boys. Harry was in a sticky place but little did he suspect.

The boys were learning, learning all about Harry, his folks, riches, strength and, most important of all, his girls. He admitted to them one day that he had been disappointed in love when he was sixteen and had hardly gotten over the terrible shock. This sad story he told with a very tremulous voice, often

pausing in his narrative to wipe his eyes or clear his throat. Verily, verily, I say unto you, the boys were learning and rapidly too. By this sly question and that clever interrogation, they obtained the complete life story of Harry, aged nineteen. What did he think of Kate, Squire Jones' oldest daughter? Now Harry was quite unprepared, oh, totally unprepared for this question, shot from the mouth of the leader of the gang. He scratched his head, adjusted his spectacles, blew his nose, cleared his throat, of course, and decided to make a clear breast of it. She was a very nice girl, quite nice enough indeed, he readily admitted. She could cook and sew, and that, he thought, was quite enough for any female to know. "Now just how much do you think of her?" asks Tommy Binks, the leader of the pack. "Ah!" bursts out Harry, becoming poetic, "Her eyes are as the azure sky; her features are divine. I intend to make her my widow some day." "Good day, Mr. Harry," called the mob, as they trotted off to hatch the plans. Tell Squire Jones they would; fix Harry they must. Upon hearing the opinion of the new operator upon the favorite daughter, the Squire grunted, Madam Jones was delighted, and Kate simply giggled a simple giggle.

Things went very smoothly for a while, really for a longer time than Harry had even dared to hope to keep peace with such daring urchins. Hallowe'en had come at last. Harry's invitation had been sent and the young troupe had arrived to pay their respects, collect their treats, and casually inquire if he would be present at the Squire's big house party. Of course he would, said Harry, who had at last erroneously come to believe his friends' sincerity. "Do come, we shall all enjoy the evening so much," rejoined the boys. At last the night had come. Harry was a dandy,

hair parted in the middle, a jazz-bow tie, silk socks, and pumps, in spite of the fact that the invitation called for costume dress. Harry was terribly ignorant of dress and boys' ways. Things had progressed well enough. In fact, he really never noticed his inexcusable awkwardness. He was terribly frightened though, the poor, soft-hearted kitten. Several times during the evening, he declared that the images appearing outside were real ghosts.

At last, he and Kate, the idol of his heart, found time and one chair, mark you, one chair, for you know every young man has two perfectly good knees going to waste, waiting to be used, and they thus sat down together. Very soon, and very soon indeed, so it seemed to Harry, what should he see upon Kate's hand, innocently revealed by a mischievous moonbeam, but a quiet, unoffensive little opal. Now, oh! horrible to relate, he realized; Kate was the prize of some other man's heart. This was the second disappointment in love for poor Harry. How young he was and what a cruel world and how wicked and fickle were women! Something seemed to dull his brain and numb his hands and arms. His heart was broken again. How he longed to be at home. There he could meditate, and cogitate, make his will, and kill all his troubles by jumping in Crooked Run. He must tell Kate good-bye, leave a note at his lodgings telling her his troubles and heartaches, and send in his resignation to the company.

However, the cool autumn air on the journey homewards, assuaged these zealous desires and plans. He decided to live on, and now forevermore and unto the end of time, scorn womankind. In the midst of this wisdom, his blood was suddenly frozen within his veins, his hat flew off, his hair rose up, and icicles hung from his sorrowing, sym-

pathetic eyes. What could it be! A blood-curdling whoop, a great clamor and an army of ghosts. Oh, what had he done to thus draw unto himself the mighty wrath of God! Harry ran and ran, stumbled and stumbled, and no doubt several words escaped his innocent lips, words he never meant to even learn.

Yell'd on the view the opening pack, Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back. Pretty soon the boys stopped, as they knew Crooked Run was near.

And silence settled wide and still,  
On the lone wood and mighty hill.  
Harry ran and into the creek he did go.  
Afraid to retire, terrified at advancing,  
there he stood waist-deep in ice water,  
However, he summoned courage enough



## Trans-Atlantic Voyagers

With tossing cloak and flashing mood  
He leaps upon the prow,  
And lifts the cup from treasure hoard,  
Then, standing, makes his vow:

"Ye ruler of the raging deep  
To whom we Norsemen pray,  
Guide safely 'cross the sea our fleet,  
To Greenland far away;

And we here swear, with our hearts  
bold,

That we will make requite,  
And raise to thee an altar gold"

He speaks: then hurls the trinket  
bright.

It strikes, it sinks; the purple wine  
Discolors the frothing swell,  
And twenty galleys to the pine  
Of Norway bid farewell.

Above the cheering men it lies  
Like low-hung battle cloud,  
And many's the eager voice that cries—  
Small wonder that they're proud!

As if impatient of restraint  
It struggles to ascend,  
And harder pulls on ropes long strained  
As buoyancy the vapors lend.

It rises gracefully in the blue,  
And heads for yonder sun:  
Is soon a speck, is gone: a new  
Conquest of air is won!

*H. E. W., '22*



McRoomey: "How long was Pat sick, Mr. Clancy?"

Clancy: "Only two days, Mr. McRoomey."

McRoomey: "Shure, Pat was always a hustler."

\* \* \* \*

Freshie: "I don't feel well this morning."

Soph.: "Where do you feel the worst?"

Freshie: "In school."

\* \* \* \*

#### NO CHANCE

"You sold my husband a parrot?"

"Yes, ma'am, I did."

"And you told him it could talk, did you not?"

"I certainly told him that, madam."

"Well, we've had it a week, and he hasn't spoken a word yet."

"I remember distinctly, ma'am, telling your husband the parrot would talk if you gave him a chance."

\* \* \* \*

"To get a degree in love-making, what school should I attend?"

"Night school."

\* \* \* \*

"Ah, so I see you're indulging in ice cream?"

"Yes, old dear. The girl with whom I was just dancing asked me to hold her purse."

Dum-nut: "It's a pretty wet day to be playing ball; just look at all them in the mud! How will they ever get clean?"

Wise-acre: "Huh! What do you think the scrub team is for?"

\* \* \* \*

"Waiter, this coffee is nothing but mud."

"Yes, it was ground this morning."

\* \* \* \*

Senior: "I called to see if you had an opening for me."

Employer: "Right in back of you. Close it as you go out, please."

\* \* \* \*

Aliud summa telum liberat ab aure.  
He balanced another weapon on the top of his ear.

\* \* \* \*

#### IN ROOM 20

Teacher to pupil: "Decline homo."

Pupil writing on the board: "Hobo, hobis, etc."

\* \* \* \*

"Jack complimented me on my complexion last evening."

"Sort of a powder-puff, eh?"

\* \* \* \*

"Do you consider it a sign of death in the family, when a dog barks in your back yard all night?"

"No sah! Nevah considered a dog as a membah of mah fambly."

\* \* \* \*

"Young man, are you satisfied with your present position?"

"Naw, but it's fifty-fifty. The boss ain't satisfied with the way I fill it either."

\* \* \* \*

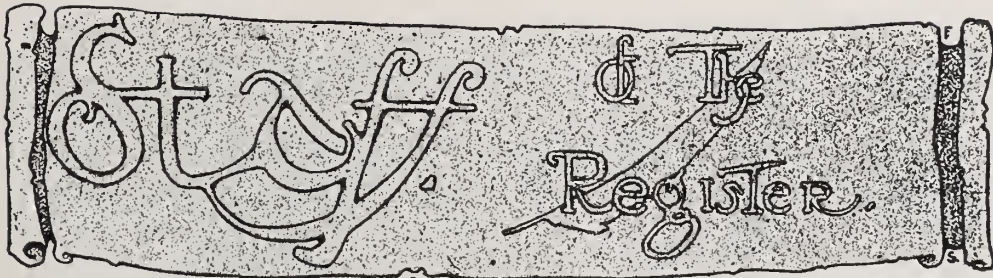
Little grains of powder,

Little dabs of paint,

Make the girl of fifty,

Look like what she ain't.





VOLUME XL. No. 4.

JANUARY, 1921

ISSUED MONTHLY

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## Editorial

There are but a few men, if any at all, who are so exceedingly strong as not to be moved by the words of their fellows. Even when one is a lad, the keen assertion "You're a coward" inflicts a deeper cut than a blow on the body. Every boy with rich, red blood coursing through his veins, envies the reputation of a lad of grit.

People do not change very much. The boy, now having become a man, is no less affected by the words *coward* and *grit*, than he once was by the inevitable "waling" from the paternal slipper for returning late to supper because he had lingered on his way from school to prove to his mates that he was not a coward.

The French word, *couard*, comes from the Latin word, *cauda*, which means the tail of an animal. The light which this derivation throws on us is this: Everyone has noticed the manner in which a dog acts when he sees a shoe, loaded with

a human foot, coming down on him. With a loud bark, and indeed louder, if perchance, the loaded shoe reach its intended terminus, the pitiful cur curls up his tail between his legs and races off as fast as his feet can carry him. Precisely this same action is assumed by a coward. The fellow who suddenly proves himself to be a coward, is exposed in his retreat to the peril of being kicked. He who essays to close his eyes from the duties he heartily knows, he is impelled to do conscientiously is a coward. Not so, however, with the fellow who merits the enviable reputation of being possessed with grit and courage.

Grit or "sand," the slang word, owes its present use to a part frequently played by sand. On a wet or slippery day, it is not uncommon to see a car, endeavoring to ascend a high hill. In spite of a powerful motor and heavy iron wheels, it does not move. The

tracks are clean and the trolley is not out of place; nevertheless, the car does not move.

Sand is necessary. A full shovel is scattered along the tracks. The motor and the heavy iron wheels operate once more and the car moves. At first it advances but slowly, the wheels crunching the grains of sand beneath them. Slowly and steadfastly, the formidable ascent is climbed; the sand, the grit, has conquered.

There are innumerable steep hills in life, the conquest of which very often seems almost impossible. Across the path of almost everyone there spring up inevitable thorns over which our naked foot must tread.

The small youngster, insulted by the brutal tricks of the school bully, ultimately turns upon his tormentor. Like a stag at bay, like Shakespeare's disconsolate Macbeth opposing Macduff, his deadliest enemy, though he knows distinctly that victory is impossible, he grits his little teeth and defies the bully to lay a hand on him once more; and though his companions laugh at his

foolishness, they heartily admire him for his grit and "sand."

The tired and weary bread-winner bending over his grimy work-bench, or the plodding student, sitting before a desk, littered with papers yet untouched, repeatedly feels that this eternal course of duty is bleeding his life away. He has not the audacity to look forward at the steep and rocky hill, rising before him; and then, coming once more to himself, and smiling at his weakness, he grits his teeth firmly and, raising his chin, his pugnacious spirit is reborn and he climbs unfalteringly the formidable hill. It is an all up-hill struggle, a struggle for a man of grit and "sand."

Not all who are not popular are cowards; nor all who pose as leaders, men of courage. The dog who barks the loudest, is often the first to run away. The kick may delay in coming, the high hill may seem leagues away, but kicks and hills do not make a man—they simply prove to the world what a man can be.

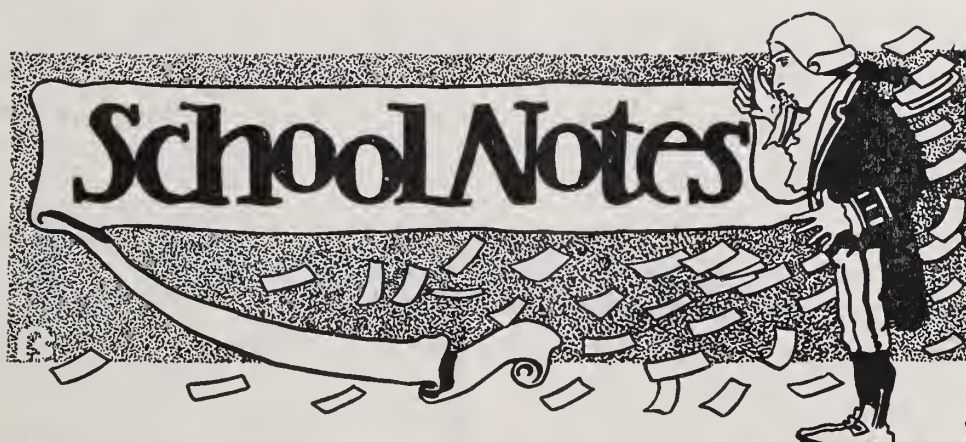
—James A. S. Callanan.

## Concerning the Register and Subscriptions

In this issue we must deal with a very delicate and important subject; the lack of "school spirit," this year. It is well known that Boston Latin is noted for that wonderful thing that no school can get along without. Are you going to let it be said that there was none in 1920-1921? From the first of the year this fault has been in evidence. Fully expecting that this was to be a banner year, the staff of the "Register," fairly outdid themselves in trying to satisfy you, and what came of it? We turned out a "Register" that we thought to be the best ever. It compares very well, indeed, with the papers of the other schools. They seem to be successful. Why aren't we? Do you know that

your paper, your "Register," is the oldest high school paper in the United States? Are you going to let this tradition fail this year? Brace up, everybody, especially the entering classes. Perhaps there are a few who cannot afford to buy the paper, but they are very few. What is the need of borrowing your neighbor's paper? Don't be a piker. Be independent and buy one of your own; have something to remind you, in days to come, of the happy experiences in your school life. It is not too late to subscribe. Therefore in the New Year's number let us see a large increase of subscriptions.

*P. Flynn.*



Henry A. Bellows, '02, formerly Colonel commanding the Fourth Minnesota Infantry, has, at the request of the Militia Bureau, prepared "A Treatise on Riot Duty for the National Guard," which the Militia Bureau has published by direction of the Adjutant-General as a War Department document.

\* \* \* \*

Among the new committees of the Phillips Brooks House Association this year is one composed of advisers for foreign students. For the convenience of the committee, foreign students at Harvard have been arranged in five groups and a professor and a student have been appointed for each group. James H. Woods, '83, Professor of Philosophy, has been appointed chief adviser to the Hindu and Siamese students.

\* \* \* \*

James H. Young's, '68, address, formerly Mt. Vernon, N. Y., is now Ghent, N. Y.

\* \* \* \*

The "Register" regrets to announce the death of John P. Reynolds, a Latin School boy, on December 9, 1920. Mr. Reynolds was a descendant of Paul Revere and of John Phillips, the first mayor of Boston.

Rt. Rev. Herman Page '84, Bishop of Spokane, Wash., has republished a book, "The Brooklet in the Way," and a pamphlet for use at the services held in connection with the work of James Moore Hickson, the English healer.

\* \* \* \*

Robert G. Hooke '15, is with the Public Service Electric Co. His address is in care of the Harvard Club of New York.

\* \* \* \*

Arthur R. Nelson '15, is also with the Public Service Electric Co. His address is Clinton St., Jersey City, N. J.

\* \* \* \*

The Register regrets to announce the recent death of William S. Cormack '13. Mr. Cormack died by drowning at Macao, China, where he was employed by the Commercial Aerial Transportation Company as commercial aviator.

\* \* \* \*

Graduates of the Latin School at Dartmouth College have organized a Boston Latin School Club. Walter T. Lundegren '17, has been elected President; Charles E. Hart '18, Vice President; Sherman M. Clough '19, Treasurer; and Gerald J. Murphy '18 Secretary. Professor Harry E. Burton '86, of the department of Latin, and Professor Prescott O. Skinner '85, of the Romance



language department were elected honorary members of the club.

\* \* \* \*

Sidney M. Bergman '16, is with the J. H. Thomas Co., surgical instruments and sick-room supplies, Boston.

\* \* \* \*

Joseph Schneider '20, has been awarded the Boston Newsboys' Scholarship at Harvard for passing the entrance examinations with better grades than other news merchants.

\* \* \* \*

The "Register" regrets to announce the death of Joseph J. Feely on Wednesday, December 15, 1920. Mr. Feely was a Latin School graduate and noted as a legal authority on labor causes.

\* \* \* \*

Among the recent members elected to the Harvard Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa are Carl A. Benander '17 and Harry Levy '17.

\* \* \* \*

Two-thirds of the entering class at Harvard prepared for college at New England schools. Massachusetts has most, with 312. When grouped by schools, Boston Latin has the lead with a quota of sixty Harvard freshmen. Exeter, the second on the list, has thirty-three.

\* \* \* \*

The Latin School has graduates in every walk of life: Charles J. Hennessey '08, was in Boston recently with the musical comedy, "East is West," playing the leading male role.

\* \* \* \*

Dr. Horatio R. Storer, who is now the oldest living graduate of Harvard College, is likewise the oldest living graduate of the Latin School, being a member of the class of 1846. Prof. Charles William Eliot, President-Emeritus of Harvard College, is Latin School's alumnus next in seniority, graduating with the Class of 1849.

Thomas J. Hanlon '03 is manager of the Tampa Electric Co., Tampa, Florida.

\* \* \* \*

Arthur Sweetser '07 is Assistant Director of the information section of the League of Nations, Geneva, Switzerland. He has recently published, through Macmillan & Co., "The League of Nations at Work."

\* \* \* \*

Leon M. Farrin '11 was married November 25 to Miss Grace Elizabeth Hill of Niantic, Connecticut.

\* \* \* \*

Doctor Lawrence Litchfield, '81, has been elected a Fellow of the Association of American Physicians.

\* \* \* \*

Townsend H. Soren '89 is President of the Hartford, Conn., Home Building Association, and Vice President and a Director of the Connecticut Power Co.

\* \* \* \*

Dr. Archibald T. Davison '02 is Director of the Harvard Glee Club which will hold three concerts during the winter at Symphony Hall.

\* \* \* \*

Judge Robert Grant '69, President of the Harvard Board of Overseers, read a poem, which he had composed, on the occasion of the celebration of the second centennial of Massachusetts Hall, Harvard University.

\* \* \* \*

The Harvard Committee on Admission recently announced the honor list of men scoring at least a B average on their entrance examinations last summer. Eugene C. Glover '20 and Henry R. Hitchcock of Plymouth obtained the most brilliant records among the entire entering class at Harvard. Of the twenty-two honor men from the entire country, Latin school has on the list three: Eugene C. Glover, Harry Freeman, and Charles H. Gushee.

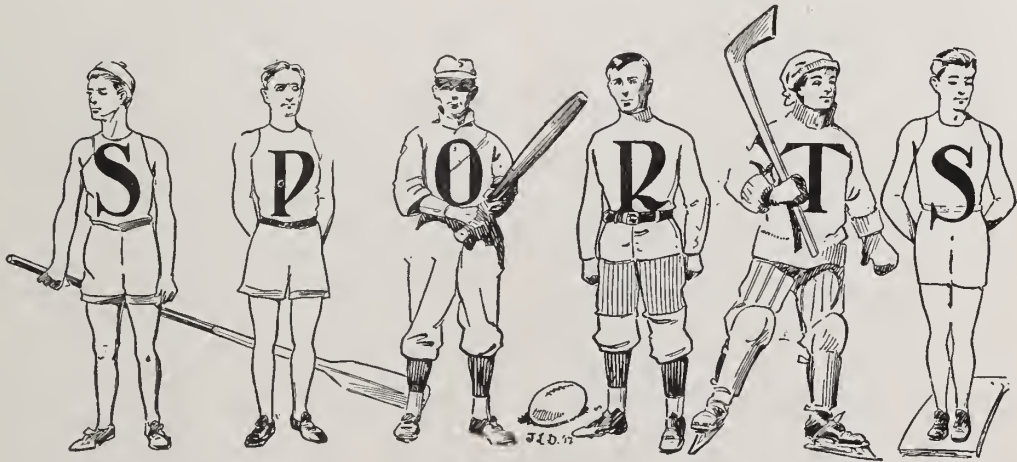
Each year an interscholastic trophy



is awarded by the Harvard Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa to the school having the best average record at the examinations. It seems that the Latin School ought to be capable of obtaining this trophy, though it may be a greater task for us to accomplish, with sixty fellows to base our average on, compared with some smaller school which has at the

most no more than twenty students preparing to enter Harvard.

The scholarship of the New England Federation of Harvard Clubs has been awarded this year to Eugene C. Glover of last year's class. Likewise two of the four scholarships of the Harvard Club of Boston were awarded to Latin school boys—now freshmen at Harvard; Harry Freeman and William J. Reycroft.



## Track

Track was given a start when on Tuesday, December 7, about 150 fellows assembled in Room 21 to listen to Mr. O'Brien's instructions. The enthusiasm of the candidates was most pleasing to Mr. O'Brien. He outlined a training course for the different classes of fellows, from our 1000-yarders to our juniors. He also instituted an idea which has met with great favor, namely, that of having relay races between the various rooms of the school, regardless of class. The first meet of this sort was held in the Drill Hall, December 20, at 3.15 P.M. Although not all appeared, the competition was very keen and gave Mr. O'Brien opportunity to look over his squad. The feature race was between the Room 3 team composed of Sauer,

Courtney, Glickman, and Hull, and Class II team composed of Hagerty, Ryan, and Kennedy. When Glickman started, Ryan led by some ten yards, but he managed to gain about five yards so that Kennedy led by only five yards over Captain Hull. Hull started like a whirlwind, coming up to Kennedy on the first half, and on the last half passing him and finishing with a grand sprint. Mr. Campbell was an enthusiastic onlooker and expressed his approval of this method of training.

After the Christmas recess the real track work begins, and the prospects for a successful season are very bright. Nevertheless, there is a great need for more fellows. It is our aim to win the Regimentals this year, and with real

support this can surely be accomplished. There is one more point I wish to emphasize. Every boy should consider it his duty to keep up in his studies so that he may not imperil the chance of the team to gain the championship. If

a fellow by failing must give up track work, he has betrayed his schoolfellows who are relying on him to carry the Purple and White to victory. Think it over!

## Hockey

It has been decided to have a hockey team representing the school this year. This sport has been a joke more or less now for some years, but, the Senior Class has determined that this year shall be an exception. Indeed this most active sport is in the balance, for its record this year will determine whether or not hockey shall be continued in the Latin School. So, fellows, it is plainly up to yourselves. The reason for these past failures was not lack of good material, but that the fellows would not have regular practice. Imagine a football team's entering a game without any practice, regardless of the excellence of the individual players, against a team well-coached and trained! The consequence is certain. How, I ask you, can a hockey team worthy of representing the Latin School, have a successful season unless it practices faithfully? Therefore, as I have said before, it is plainly for *you* to put this sport on a

par with our other great sports. In Mr. McKay, who has most kindly offered to coach such a team, the Latin School has a very capable and excellent instructor; and by way of thanks to him for his kind efforts, it is only right that the supporters of this movement should also do theirs. As a foundation we have Roger Doherty, who showed last Thanksgiving Day that as Latin School captain he ranked with the best on the gridiron, and likewise is a most formidable hockey player. We also have J. K. Collins, who has shown in the past years that he is a very skilful player; Sliney, who ranks with the best as goal-tender; Carroll, a very shifty and fast puck-chaser; and Crosby, who has already proved his athletic prowess. Other candidates are: Bernstein, Ryan, Lanigan, Sullivan, Nagel, Goldman, and Samuels. Mr. Campbell has appointed Fitzpatrick to be manager.

## "The Flunker"

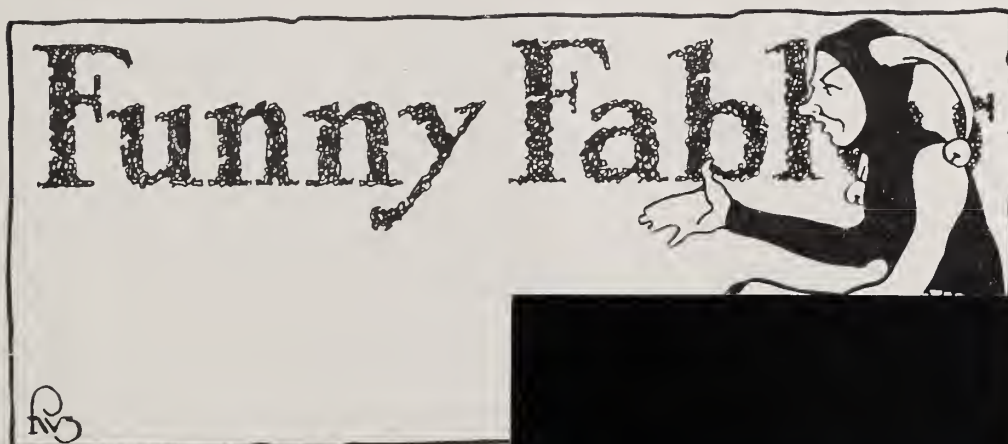
He could never get good results  
Although he tried and tried,  
And when the teacher read the marks  
He wished he could have died.

Latin twenty, French thirty-five,  
These marks were plainly heard.  
He couldn't listen to any more,  
And his eyes were getting blurred.

English ten, Greek forty-eight,  
These marks the teacher read;  
And when it came to Physics and Math.,  
Oh, it came like a shot of lead!

He listened to the other marks,  
His were the worst of all.  
And when he settled with his pa,  
You know the rest. That's all!

I. H. Muchnick, '24



Old Gentleman: "Too bad a fine looking fellow like you should wear chains."

Convict in shackles: "Well, it's like dis, bo, I work so fast on dis job, that if I don't wear 'em I'll skid."

\* \* \* \*

"Can your little baby brother talk yet?" a kindly neighbor inquired of a small lad.

"No, he can't talk, and there ain't no reason why he should talk," was the disgusted reply. "What does he want to talk for, when all he has to do is yell a while to get everything in the house that's worth having?"

\* \* \* \*

Teacher (grasping the arm of an unruly Freshie): "I believe Satan has hold on you."

Freshie: "I believe so, too."

\* \* \* \*

"Bobbie, is your sister at home?"

"No, sir, only to men in uniform."

\* \* \* \*

Harry: "Do you like codfish balls?"

Willie: "I don't know; I never attended one."

"Here's an article that says the Chinese attempted a league of nations centuries ago."

"What became of it?"

"I dunno. Maybe they're still discussing it."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Weisman: "Do you think you could learn to love me?"

Smith: "Learn to love you? Why, I could give lessons in loving you."

\* \* \* \*

Murphy: "Miss M. has such a large mouth."

Jones: "Yes, it's almost large enough to sing duets with."

\* \* \* \*

Hayes: "O, I just love 'The Passing of Arthur,' don't you?"

Smart (self-satisfied): "Well, I'm not up on all the football players yet. Which one is he?"

\* \* \* \*

It takes a cheek to kiss some girls.

\* \* \* \*

Bradley: "You don't mind my singing to you?"

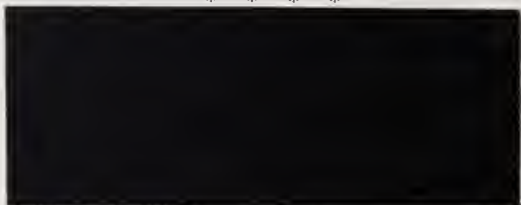
Cusack: "Not at all; I worked in a saw-mill last summer."

\* \* \* \*

Evans: "I am indebted to you for all I know."

Porter: "Oh, don't mention such a trifle."

\* \* \* \*



"Don't some of the decorations on women's hats amuse you?"

"Yes, in the subway especially. They tickle me very much."

\* \* \* \*

Surgeon (to auto agent): "Don't worry, old chap, the operation will be as safe as that last car you sold me."

\* \* \* \*

"How do you cook pork and beans?"

"That isn't the question. How do you get 'em?"

\* \* \* \*

"My watch has stopped. I wonder how long I've been talking."

"You'll find a calendar in the hall."

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Mrs. Bacon: "Where's your husband?"

Mrs. Black: "In the other room under the sofa."

Mrs. Bacon: "What in the world is he doing under the sofa?"

Mrs. Black: "Why, he's going to get an automobile next week and he wants to get used to it before it comes."

\* \* \* \*

"A scientist says that the legs of autoists will become wasted and useless."

"Well, autos cause the legs of pedestrians to become broken and useless; so what's the difference?"

\* \* \* \*

Mary had a little ford,

Its wheels went round and round,  
But that's all the good they did her

Because everywhere she wished to go  
She had to walk and take the darn thing  
with her.

\* \* \* \*

Teacher: "What is Germany made up of?"

Smartie: "Seven letters, sir."

\* \* \* \*

"How many waiters work in the lunch room?"

"About one-tenth of them."

\* \* \* \*

The one who thinks our jokes are poor  
Would straightway change his views,  
Could he compare the jokes we print  
With those that we refuse.

\* \* \* \*

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Freshman: "Hub?"



Teacher: "Does anyone see anyone who is not present?"





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Howell: "Had a nightmare last night."

Burwell: "Yes, I saw you with her."

\* \* \* \*

Goss: "You go."

Berry: "No, Victor Hugo." (You go.)

\* \* \* \*

C'est si brusque.

This is so sudden.

Pupil (looking at his report card)— "I got marked in something I don't take."

Teacher—"What's that?"

Pupil—"Department."

\* \* \* \*

Hill—Collins, what hand do you take your diploma with?

Collins—Well, if I were you I'd grab it with both.

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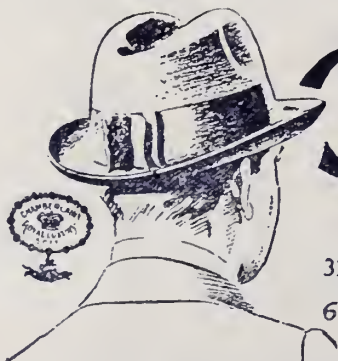
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